



Hot Tea and Frozen Cream Very Constipating

THERE is little inclination for solid food on a hot day. Cold drinks and ices, salads and pastry form much of the diet, especially among women. This lack of wholesome variety, however, interferes with proper digestion.

The result is biliousness, indigestion, dizziness, constipation. The stomach could not digest nor the bowels pass off the day's strange mixture of food and drink.

A simple way of overcoming the trouble is this: If you have not already got Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the house, go to a drug store and buy a 50c or \$1 bottle. Take a teaspoonful tonight before you go to bed. It will set in the morning, and immediately thereafter your head will be clear and that feeling of oppression will be gone.

Syrup Pepsin is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin. It acts on the stomach-muscles training them to do their work naturally so that medicines can be dispensed with. It is the most widely used laxative compound in the world. That means merit.

A free sample bottle can be had by sending your address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 480 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

The Perfect Laxative

STANOCOLA POLARINE

The Standard for Lubrication

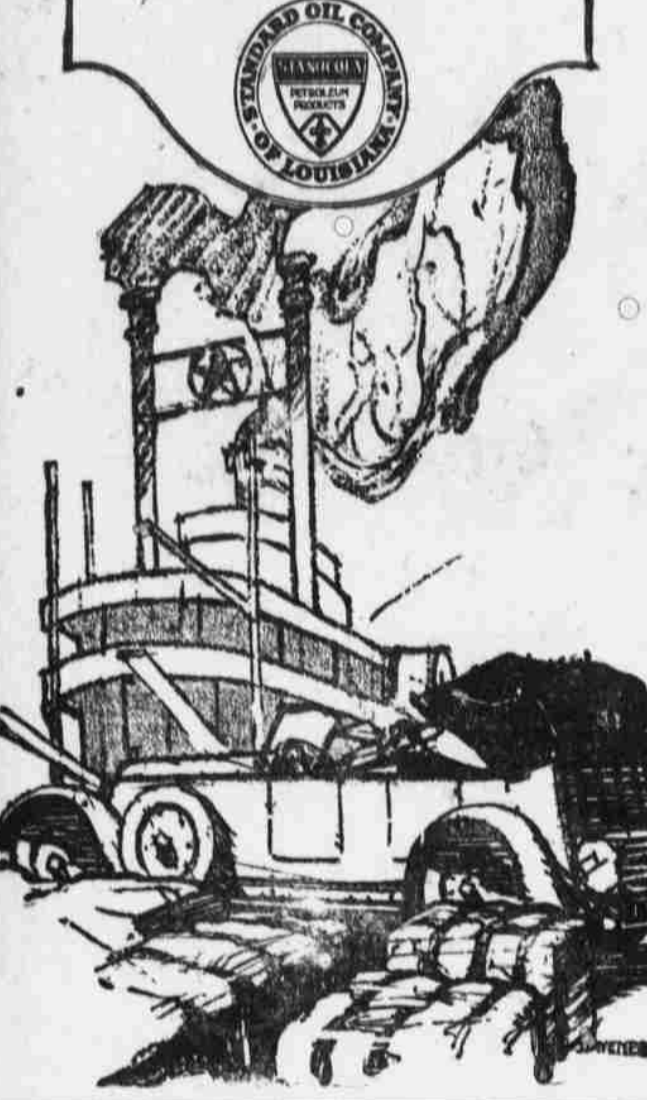
On Time
The engine runs with a quiet whirr—has the speed and power of a thoroughbred—gets there on time—when the engine oil is Stanocola Polarine for Motor Lubrication.

Stanocola Polarine maintains a protective cushion of pure lubricant on all bearings and engaging parts. Prevents friction, vibration and "knocks." Holds the power behind the pistons. Burns up clean and goes out with the exhaust.

For your car—for every car—there is no better oil than Stanocola Polarine.

Stanocola Polarine correctly lubricates all types of automobile engines. The product of the most modern and best-equipped refinery in the South. For sale by leading dealers, and wherever you see the Stanocola sign.

STANDARD OIL CO. OF LA.



Want To Rent
Furnished or unfurnished
3 Rooms
Family of 3, including 3-year-old child. Exchange references. Phone H. 639. Address 94 N. Belvedere.

Madison Cleaners
157 Madison Ave. 33c
Four Suits Phone Main 2181. \$1.00
H. T. Claxton

FOR HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA
ANTI-KAMNIA
K TABLETS
10c & 25c PACKAGES
ASK FOR K TABLETS

With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Restore to Eyes of Fifty the Eyesight Efficiency of Youth

Kryptok bifocal lenses will answer your demand for clear and comfortable far and near vision.

Schulte Glasses
Gold Filled, \$4.95, \$6.95, \$8.95 to \$12.95
Solid Gold, \$6.95, \$8.95, \$10.95 to \$12.95
Lenses only \$2 to \$5

Schulte Optical Co.
Specialists in Fitting Glasses
Ground Floor—11 S. Main St.
Hours—8 to 6 p.m. Sun. 11 to 1 p.m.

"O. Henry and Al Jennings"

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1919.)

(Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER XIII.

"Take a look at me! Now, do you remember who I am? Well, I haven't forgotten what you did to me in El Reno. I'm going to square the debt."

The man had not taken his eyes from my face. I knew him at once. I had saved him from the penitentiary when I was country attorney at El Reno. He was charged with embezzlement of Wells-Fargo funds. I was prosecutor. The man probably was guilty, but the evidence was entirely insufficient. The jury was prejudiced. I asked for a dismissal because it was the only square thing to do.

That was one loaf of bread on the waters that came back to me. I was whistling. "We have a bunch of dicks on this hotel. The place is surrounded. I'm the only one who knows you by sight. Do the best you can. My heart was pounding like a triphammer. If I ever felt like pitying myself it was at that moment. The gentleness of the disgrace before these friends who honored us. I felt weak and limp all over. I went back to the alcove."

Girls Aid Flight.

"What did he want, Al?" Margaret asked, her lips white and drawn. Before I could protest she hurried on. "I know you, Al Jennings. I know it all along. I knew you from the picture Ed has. What are they going to do?"

"Nothing. They won't get a chance. The blunt was seemed the best. I told her that Williams (that was the name Frank had taken; I was Ed) was my brother. Iron sent that we were wanted for a bank robbery in West Texas; that our only chance was the Gulf of Mexico. She took it quiet and shrewd without a whimper. We waited over to them. I bumped against Frank.

"Look out," I warned. It was an old signal.

"He followed us into the alcove. We're surrounded."

"Here? Oh, hell!"

Gardens that blossomed to the water ran in terraces about the hotel. We made our plan. Together, the four of us snatched into a rose hawker, laughing and sniggering as though our hearts were as light as our tongues. The girls were as game as veterans. They challenged us to a race. One lightning sprint and we were at the beach, the girls tagging far behind.

Escape in Dory to Steamer.

Somebody's first-class dory helped our escape. It was lying there with the oars set. Muzzie, that little fellow who shot across the water. The gods of chance, \$2,000 and our six-shooters were with us. We didn't pause for breath until we chipped against and old tramp banana steamer. We clambered up the sides like aboriginal monkeys.

The captain was a smuggler of Three Star Hennessy brandy. When he saw two dudes in full dress suits, silk hats and white kid gloves tumbling over his railing he thought we were drunker than himself. He wobbled up to us, his blowy cheeks puffed out like balloons, his pig eyes squinting and his added voice making a valiant attempt to order us off.

Put out that night? No sir! He damned and a whole lot more. If he growl weepy over it. The government wouldn't permit it.

When we slipped him \$1,500 he changed his tune. The money acted like a stiff cuff of coffee.

Water Gives Out.

A few hours later, Frank and I and our good friend, the smuggler, were plowing ahead under full steam for South America. I don't know to this day how long the trip lasted. Three Star Hennessy was rousing good company. We were so full of him, we didn't bother to find out whether until one day the captain discovered his boat was out of water. At about the same time I began to thirst for a new drink.

THE JUDGE Pitted with Sepulchre. A sketch each week, drawn by Artist Kaufman, shows becoming glances.

"You're the first since my arrival."

"He leaned over. 'You probably wonder who I am, and why I'm here.'"

In Honduras every American is a subject of suspicion.

"Oh, God, no," I put in quickly. "In Salvador, no. What he couldn't remember he fabricated, but many of the details, with the exception of the ice plant and the \$1,000 bonus from the government, happened just as he has narrated them."

Porter at Head of Fete.

Somehow we got Frank off the boat. Long after midnight, Porter took us to the consulate, where he made his home. He had a little cot in one corner of the main room. He took the blankets from it and spread them on the floor. The three of us stretched out.

About 11 o'clock in the morning the celebration of the Fourth opened. Porter, Frank, two Irishmen who owned an indigo concession, the American consul, myself and a negro, brought along the party. For a fitting observance of America's triumph Porter insisted that the English consul should join us. We put the matter before his majesty's subject. He agreed that it would be a "trill of a fine joke."

There were but four life-size houses in Trojillo. Under the shade of the governor's mansion we stood and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Out of deference to our guest Porter suggested that we render one verse of "God Save the King." The Britisher objected. "Don't make damn nonsense of this occasion," he demurred.

Revolution Halts Feast.

We started out to shoot up the town in true Texas style, prepared to wind up the fireworks with a barbequed goat in the lemon grove near the beach. We never got to the barbequed goat. A revolution intervened.

We had shot up two estancias. Glass was shattered everywhere. The Carib hucksters had fled. We were helping ourselves and scrupulously laying the money for every drink on the counter. Suddenly a shot was fired from the outside. Porter had just finished smashing up a mirror with a bottle. He turned with a quiver that was as ludicrous as it was inevitable.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the natives are trying to steal our copyrighted Fourth."

We made a clattering dash for the street, alone as we were. A little man in a flaming red coat came galloping by. About 20 barefoot horsemen, all in red coats and very little else, tore up a muddy cloud of dust in his wake. They fired off their old-fashioned muzzle loaders as if they really meant murder.

As the leader whirled past on his diminutive gray pony, Porter caught him off. I saw the gun flash, the shooting and yelling like a maniac.

Shouts Like Song of Victory.

"Reinforcements, reinforcements!" Like a song of victory the shout thundered from the rear. I don't know where or how I rode.

But the next day the governor and two of his little tin Caribs called at the consulate. He wished to thank the any country nobody asks a man's name or his past. "You're all right."

"Thanks, colonel," he drew in his upper lip in a manner that was characteristic. "You might call me Bill. I think I would like that."

Talk Over Use of Stolen Funds

Several hours we sat there, an ex-highwayman in a tattered dress suit and fugitive in spotted white duck together planning a future. Porter suggested a coconut plantation, a campaign for the presidency, an indigo concession.

There was something so fascinating to the old smuggler looking into his remarks. I found myself waiting for his conclusions. I forgot that the Helena had just stopped for water and might even now be well cleared of the shores of Honduras.

"He looked to me. I nearly knocked the table over in my haste. 'Just a moment,' Porter's unfringed coat flapped. He was looking at me. 'You're an American. Have you considered the celebration of the glorious Fourth?'

"Pouch, what?"

"The Fourth of July, colonel, which City taxes are coming in splendidly. Are yours paid?"

The Cause of High Living

- 1—Extravagance
- 2—Waste
- 3—Laziness

(An Advertiser by J. M. Fly)

While so many are disturbed over the present "high cost of living," why not go a bit further and consider the "cost of high living"—its causes and effects.

A local newspaper man declares editorially that "one-third of the people of his town are living beyond their income." Think of it!

Theoretically, at least, prices are supposed to be governed by the law of "supply and demand," and if those who are extravagant and wasteful persist in recklessly buying without regard to costs, it not only sets a bad "example," but sends prices still higher, to the detriment of those who are striving to live right.

There are perhaps "some profiteers"—some well-organized profiteers operating on a big scale, which nothing short of sharp government regulation can stop. But all profiteering is not confined to foods by any means, for the high cost of raiment and shelter has helped to boost the cost of food.

We may have a general resumption of the food administration, but that only means "more cost" in the way of taxes already too high, and which at best will remain as high as at present for the next ten years, if they are ever lowered!

The government may sell certain army supplies through schools and postoffices, and, lastly, through department stores operating without experience in food distribution, and "for reasons" too obvious to mention, but the effort at best will only be a "drop in the bucket."

You can tackle the problem from any side, but in the last analysis the fact that less than sixteen per cent of the American people are said to be "money-savers" tells its own story about the "high cost of living."

Extravagance and waste are the product of laziness, for laziness begets indifference, and indifference begets extravagance—and "laziness" is an ugly word when applied where the "shoe fits."

Do you know that some people object to being seen in the "act of practicing" sensible economy?

Do you know that there are still many people who will order a quarter's worth of groceries delivered "free" and run a charge account, knowing the cost must be paid by them and others?

There is a difference between real thrift and imaginary economy, as, for example, it is not economy to waste valuable time and expensive "shoe leather," not to mention "gas and tires," in a useless hunt to save a few pennies.

The Bowers Stores for seventeen years have been "preaching thrift" and offering a ready and convenient means of practicing thrift, and yet there are people who are still indifferent to the many money-saving advantages they offer.

The time has come for the consumer to "individually" help reduce the cost of living by applying a good, old-fashioned, home-made remedy; in short, to stop being extravagant and to become thrifty.

The Love Letters of Billy and Susie

Sir:-

The very idea! How dare you say a Betsy Ross Bread wagon recommends you of me.

Is that your opinion of my size or do you refer to the paint, Sarcasically yours Susan

"Sold by first class grocers everywhere"

Betsy Ross Bread

KANT BREAK

World's Greatest Shark Plug. Make starting easy. Increase mileage save gas and are irreplaceable.

KANT BREAK SPARK PLUG CO. 350 MADISON.

City Coal Co.

L. S. LAWO

WE WANT

100—Fords, Dodges—100

WE PAY Highest Prices

WRIGHT & ESTES 385 MADISON.